

An Admirable new Northern Story,

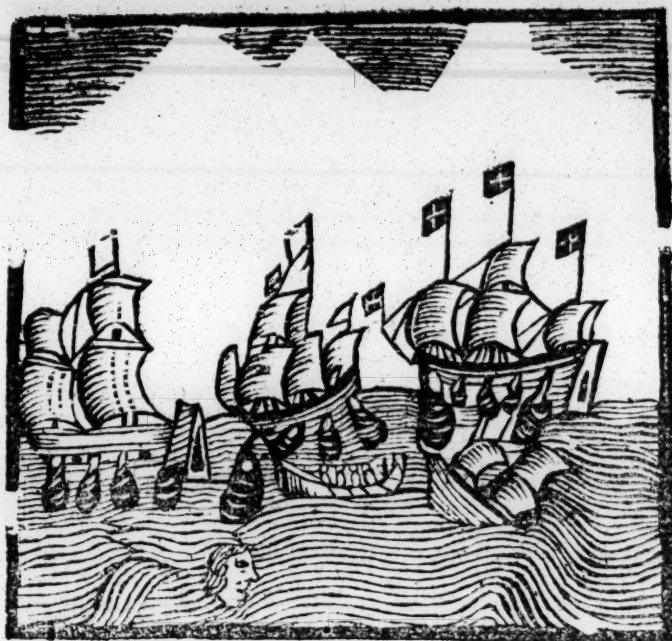
Of two constant Lovers, as I understand,
 We eborn neer *Appleby*, in *Westmerland*;
 The Lad named *Anthony*, *Constance* the Lass,
 To Sea they went both, and great dangers did pass.
 How they suffered Shipwrack, on the Coast of *Spain*,
 For two years divided, and then met again:
 By wonderful fortune, and rare accident,
 And now both live at home in joy and content.
 The tune is, *I would thou wert in Shrovsbury.*



The Lovers in the North,
 Constance and Anthony,
 Of them I will set forth
 a gallant History.
 They lov'd exceeding well,
 as plainly doth appear.
 But that which I shall tell,
 the like you ne'r did hear.
 Still she crys Anthony,
 my bonny Anthony.
 Gang thou by Land or Sea,
 I'll wend along with thee.
 Anthony must to Sea,
 his calling did him bind.
 My Constance dear (quoth he)
 I must leave thee behind.
 I pray thee be not grieved,
 thy tears will not prevail,
 He think on thee my sweet,
 when the ships under sail.
 But still, &c.
 How may that be (said he)
 consider well the ease,
 Quoth the sweet Anthony,
 I'll bide not in this place:
 If thou gang so will I,
 of the means do not doubt;
 A woman's Policy
 great matters may find out:
 My bonny, &c.

I would be very glad,
 but pray thee tell me how,
 He dresses me like a Lad.
 What sayst thou to me now?
 The Sea thou canst not brook,
 yes, very well, quoth she,
 He scullain to the Cook,
 for thy sweet company.
 My bonny, &c.
 Anthony's leave he had,
 and deckt in Spans array;
 She seem'd the blissest Lad,
 seen on a Summers day.
 O see what love can do,
 at home she will not bide,
 Which her true love she'll go
 let weal or woe betide.
 My dearest, &c.
 In the Ship 'twas her lot
 to be the under Cook,
 And at the fire hot
 wonderful pains she took;
 She served every one,
 sitting to their degrees.
 And now and then alone,
 she kiss'd Anthony.
 My bonny Anthony,
 my bonny Anthony,
 Gang thou by Land or Sea,
 I'll wend along with thee,

The second Part, to the same tune.



A Lack and welladay,
by tempest on the Spaine,
Their Ship was cast away,
upon the Coast of Spaine.
To th' mercy of the waves,
they all committed were,
Constance her own self saves,
then she cries for her dear :
My bonny Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Sea or Land,
I'll wend along with thee.
Swimming upon a Plank,
at Bilbo she got ashore,
First she did heaben thank,
than she lamented sore :
O woe is me (said she)
the saddest I am alive,
My dearest Anthony,
now on the Sea doth abide.
My bonny, &c.
What shall become of me,
why did I strive for joys :
With my sweet Anthony,
I never shall see more,
Fair Constance do not grieve,
the same good providence,
hath sav'd thy Lover sweet,
but he is far from hence ;
Still she cries, &c.
A Spanish Merchant rich,
saw this fair seeming Lad,
That did lament so much,
and was so grievous sad.

He had in England been,
and English understood,
He having heard and seen,
he in amazement stood.
Still she, &c.
The Merchant asked her,
what was that Anthony,
Quoth she, my brother Sir,
who came from thence with me
He did her entertain,
thinking she was a boy,
Two years she did remain,
before she met her joy.
Still she, &c.

Anthony up was tane,
by an English Runagade,
With whom he did remain
at the Sea-robing trade,
F'ch nature of a Slave
he did f'ch gally row,
Thus he his life did save,
but Constance did not know.
Still she, &c.

Now mark what came to pass,
see how the fates did work,
A Ship that her masters was,
surpriz'd this English Turk.
And into Bilbo brought,
all that aboard her were,
Constance full little thought
Anthony was so neer
Still she, &c.

When they were come on shore,
Anthony and the rest,
She who was sad before,
was now with joy possest,
The Merchant much did muse,
at this so sudden change,
He did demand the news,
which unto him was strange.
Now she has Anthony,
her bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by land or sea,
I'll wend along with thee.
Upon her knees she fell,
unto her Master kind,
And all the truth did tell,
nothing she kept behind,
At which he did admire,
and in a Ship of Spaine,
Not paying for their hire
he sent them home again.
Now she has, &c.
The Spanish Merchant rich,
did of his own bounty give
A sum of gold on which
they now most bravely live,
And now in Westmerland,
near unto Appleby,
They were join'd hand in hand
Constance and Ansh
They live :-